G 526

Lincoln and Washington

BY

MARIAN M. GEORGE and LYDIA AVERY COONLEY

Lincoln Day Entertainments

Edited by
Jos. C. Sindelar
compiler of
"Thanksgiving Entertainments"
and
"Christmas Celebrations"

With
Much Original Matter
by
Clara J. Denton,
Marie Irish
and
Laura R. Smith

THIS is the newest and most complete book of entertainments for the celebration of Lincoln's birthday published. The readings and recitations are both original and selected, some having been used by special permission of author or publisher and which are found in no other one collection. The plays and dialogues, drills, pantomimes and tableaux are all new. There are three new songs with music, and six of new words to old and familiar tunes. The stories and arranged facts will also be found of great interest and some help in preparing complete programs. For all grades.

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Readings, Recitations, Quotations

There are 33 readings and recitations and over 50 tributes and quotations. Among others the book contains Edwin Markham's "The Man of the People," Tom Taylor's "Abraham Lincoln," Walt Whitman's "O Captain! My Captain!" Lowell's "Abraham Lincoln," etc.

Plays, Dialogues, Exercises

Captain Lincoln.....5 boys
A Flag Exercise.....8 boys and girls
The Prophecy.....1 girl, 2 boys
The Savior of Our Flag and Country .....Whole school
With Fife and Drum.....4 girls, 3 boys
The Wooden Fire-Shovel.....3 girls, 2 boys
Suggestive Program.....Any number

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Civil War Daughters.....12 girls
Old Glory.....5 girls, 5 boys
The Star-Spangled Banner.....11 children

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10 Tableau Scenes.

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6 New Words to Old and Familiar Tunes.

Stories and Facts

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Why Dummy Clocks Mark 8:18.
Events in the Life of Abraham Lincoln, Chronologically Arranged.

160 Pages. Price, 25 cents, postpaid

A. FLANAGAN CO., CHICAGO

LINCOLN AND WASHINGTON

Plan, Arrangement and Suggestions by
MARIAN M. GEORGE

Verses by
LYDIA AVERY COONLEY

Music (from "Songs in Season") by
MARY S. CONRADE
FREDERIC W. ROOT
FRANK H. ATKINSON, JR.

FOR

The Story Hour, Language and Literature Lessons, and
Birthday Exercises in Primary and
Intermediate Grades

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CHICAGO

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Lincoln

and

Washington

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

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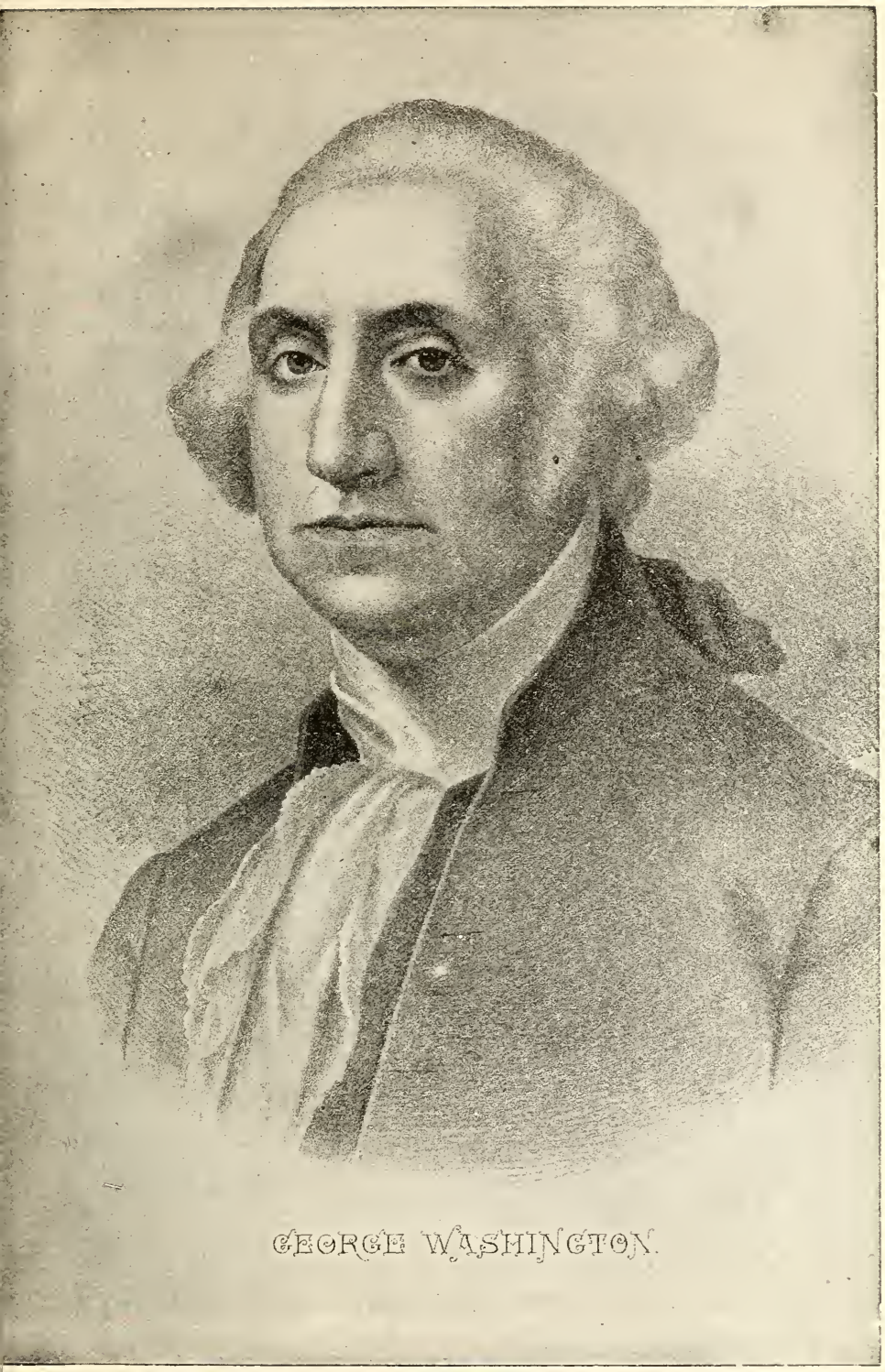

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

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SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF LINCOLN AND WASHINGTON IN THE SCHOOL ROOM

LINCOLN IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM

Let the children in the school room live over the life of Lincoln. Introduce him to them as a real boy. Interest them in his home life and early struggles with poverty. Tell stories connected with his life, basing the work of the day, as far as possible, on the incidents in the stories. Impress them with the sense of his honesty, his courage and his kindness toward every living creature. They will be interested in knowing that he made Thanksgiving a national holiday. All this will be a help in the future study of history. In no other way do pupils get such an inspiration to do really noble deeds as in hearing true stories of great men. Tell stories of his manhood and lifework; speak of his part in the war and his great kindness to the soldiers.

Explain the meaning of the Emancipation Proclamation. Speak of the great courage required to issue such a proclamation.

Write stories of Lincoln's life, and copy neatly into a blank book to keep or to give to mother for a valentine. Decorate the cover with a flag or a portrait of Mr. Lincoln. Illustrate with drawings or pictures neatly pasted at the head of each story. Show his first home, a log house; his last home, the White House; his monument at Springfield or in Lincoln Park, and a picture of the black baby whom he rescued from slavery.

Small pictures of Lincoln and his early home were given in the Primary Education Supplement for January, 1899. These may be cut out and used, or pictures may be secured of the publisher of the Plan Book. The latter represent Washington, Lincoln, the White House, etc., and are 2x2½ inches in size. Price, six cents a dozen, or forty cents a hundred.

The large pictures may be cut from this book, mounted on card-board, and placed about the room while studying the lives of these men. Or, the set of February pictures may be ordered from the publisher.

WASHINGTON IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM

Show a picture of Washington. Ask pupils why February the 22d is always remembered in the schools and honored all over the land. Find out what pupils know of Washington.

Then tell them the story of the happy farm life of George as a little boy, of his love for out-door life, gardening, etc.

Tell stories to illustrate his courage, honor, truthfulness and strength. (See February, 1898, Plan Book.)

Talk about his school days, neatness and exactness in work, politeness and thoughtfulness for others as shown in actions and rules for good behavior; his unselfishness as shown with comrades in playing soldier; his obedience and kindness to his mother; his desire to help by learning a trade; his courage and devotion to his country as a soldier.

Speak of the elm tree at Cambridge. Washington rode all the way from Mt. Vernon to Cambridge on horse-back, because in those days there were no railroads with steam cars, or steamboats. He sat on his horse, beneath a large elm tree, when he took command of the American army. It is an old tree now, but people take very good care of it and visitors always go to see it when in Cambridge. It is known as the Washington Elm.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

The leaders in all the towns now came together and had a meeting. They said they would obey the king of England no longer. They would have a nation of their own, and they would call it the United States of America. They wrote a story that told all this, and sent copies of it all over the world. This was called the Declaration of Independence. It was a very great thing to do. The brave men who did it were in great danger from the king's soldiers, who would have put them to death for it if they could. The day this paper was signed was the 4th of July, now celebrated with fire-works and flying flags. It is a holiday, and the greatest day in America.

WASHINGTON AS PRESIDENT

Explain that instead of a king, we have a president. Explain the meaning of being "inaugurated," and how Washington was chosen by all the people. Tell about his life at the White House; how he gave receptions to people who came from all over the world to see him. Describe colonial dress. Washington dressed in colors or black velvet, with silver shoe and knee buckles. Picture the old-fashioned shoe and three-cornered hat. Washington wore his hair powdered and tied up in what was called a "queue."

Let some child personate Washington and receive, as did Washington, with sword by his side and hat in hand. He should bow to each or shake hands, as did Washington.

Talk about the modes of travel at that time. Tell about the stage coach and the way Washington traveled. Show pictures of the White House and of the Capitol, the building in which people make laws for us.

Tell the children something of the city which is the capital of the United States, and of the beautiful monument, the highest in the world, which has been built there to honor the name and memory of Washington.

Each pupil in Advanced First, Second or Third Grades should have a blank book, in which the leaves are firmly bound or secured. In this let him copy in his neatest and best hand-writing, each day for a week, reproductions of the stories of Washington, with some of his maxims and rules for good behavior. Tell the pupils about the neat copy-books and journals which were written by Washington when a boy, kept for years by his mother, and exhibited with pride when he grew to be a famous man and president.

Let pupils illustrate each story by securing and pasting in this book pictures of Washington, Martha Washington, his home at Mt. Vernon, the White House, his tomb or monument, the historical elm and others.

FLAG SALUTE

The teacner may give a signal on the piano, organ, drum or bell. At the signal all rise and face the flag with hands at sides. At a second signal the pupils salute and repeat in unison:

"We give our *heads* and our *hearts* to *God* and *our Country!* One *country*, one *language*, one *flag!*"

Rise, extend right arm toward the flag, repeat salute. At the word *heads* touch the forehead lightly with the finger-tips of the right hand (elbow down). At the word *hearts* touch heart and at the words *one flag* bend forward extending the arm toward the flag. Follow with the song "Flag Salute" on page 28.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE LINCOLN AND WASHINGTON BIRTHDAY EXERCISES

If special exercises are to be held and guests invited, it may be well to issue invitations for the occasion. Cut out paper or cardboard hatchets and let pupils write or print their own invitations, during a writing lesson period. Place the form of invitation upon the board, naming the day and hour at which you wish exercises to begin.

The hatchets upon which the invitations are to be written may be cut from white or colored cardboard. Cut and paste or sew cherries on one side of them. Tie a little bow of ribbon in the handle and you have a very pettly little invitation or souvenir to be presented to the guests who may come.

If refreshments are to be served, a pretty idea is to have a Washington birthday cake, with the date 1776 upon it, done in red. In the center of the cake stick a little flag. Let two children, dressed as George and Martha Washington, serve the guests with a piece of the Washington cake. If Lincoln's birthday is to be celebrated at the same time, another cake must be prepared with the date 1863 done in blue, upon it. In the middle of this, place a tiny negro doll baby, holding a flag. If there is a little colored boy or girl in school, to that child must be accorded the privilege of serving the guests with the Lincoln cake.

The little table upon which the cakes stand may be decorated with white and red carnations, or with chains of red, white and blue paper. A tiny flag may be placed in each corner, and in the center a vase containing numbers of flags arranged in a bouquet. On each side of this center-piece stand the two birthday cakes.

Drape your mantel and pictures with flags. Let every one have flag, soldier cap and badge. Cover your tables with red, white and blue tissue paper, and display all the occupation work of the week or month.

SOUVENIR

Give or let children make and take home some little souvenir by which to remember the day.

A badge of red, white and blue strips fastened with a may be made and worn during the afternoon exercises.

Let boys and girls cut out shields, and paint or color them, or cut out swords from card-board, and tie them with red, white and blue ribbon or pieces of tissue paper.

The shields may be pinned on the pupils for the afternoon, and then taken home as mementoes; or favors of red, white and blue ribbon, badges, small flags or buttons may be worn.

Washington's or Lincoln's name, and the date of birthday sewed or pricked on a strip of card-board, will be treasured, and help to fix the date and hero in the child's mind.

Or the teacher may mount a small picture of the hero on white card-board, and present to each pupil to take home.

SUGGESTIONS FOR ROOM DECORATIONS

FOR LINCOLN OR WASHINGTON BIRTHDAY

Decorate the school-room with flags, pictures, mottoes and evergreen.

Hang picture of Lincoln or Washington in front of room, and drape with flags or with red, white and blue bunting.

Or an easel may be borrowed for the occasion, and a very large framed portrait of the hero be placed upon it and draped with the national colors. This should be given a prominent place in the room. Pots of plants, palms or ferns may be borrowed from pupils' homes and placed on window sills and about the room.

Appropriate verses or sentences may be written on the board by the teacher, in red, white and blue, and read in concert by the children. Washington's rules of behavior may be used in this way.

Let the older children decorate the blackboard with drawings, illustrating the different parts of the story of Lincoln and Washington. Pin up their drawings, paintings, cuttings and other forms of hand-work about the room.

Arrange on a table their neatly-written stories or their note books containing reproductions of Lincoln and Washington stories illustrated by prints, cut and pasted. A Lincoln or Washington picture or souvenir, a penny flag and a sprig of evergreen should be upon every pupil's desk. The flags are to be used in the marching exercises and the sprig of evergreen may be laid in front of the portrait or bust as pupils march out.

Have an evergreen wreath made to fit the head of the bust or to hang over the portrait. At the close of the exercises let one of the children place the wreath upon the bust or portrait while the others sing "Garlands, Garlands, Bright and Fair." They then march to the front and lay a twig of evergreen before the portrait.

If the Washington and Lincoln exercises are combined, let two wreaths be used, and each place the evergreen twig before the hero whom he most admires.

Let another pupil paste a small picture of Washington or Lincoln on the blackboard calendar over the date, to prevent the day from being forgotten.

A large portrait of Lincoln or Washington may be bought by the teacher or children (for twenty-five cents) and framed with rosettes which the children have folded on this special day.

The program and music for special day exercises will be found in this book.

WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN GALLERY, OR PATRIOTISM CHART

Let the children make a chart. Secure a large sheet of cardboard and write or print at the top, "Patriotism Chart." Tack or suspend this on the wall with cords. Paste a tiny flag in the center and when the curiosity of the children is aroused, tell them of its meaning and purpose. It is to be *their* chart. They are to collect and bring to school any or all patriotic pictures, or pictures suggesting patriotism. These are to be grouped around the flag. The place of importance at the top must of course be assigned to portraits of Washington and Lincoln. If the pupils cannot find good ones, cut those from the Plan Book, or send for the February Plan Book Series of Pictures No. 1.

Washington and Lincoln pictures may be pasted in the right and left hand corners, opposite each other. Between them paste pictures of the first or early home of each, and in the center of the top between these two, paste a picture of the White House, their common home. In the lower left and right corners paste pictures of their monuments, and between these, pictures of Mt. Vernon and Lincoln's home at Springfield. Martha Washington should come under the picture of Washington, and the negro or little black baby may be given a place near Mr. Lincoln. Other pictures suggesting events in the life of each may be used, as Washington with his hatchet, Washington in the garden with his father, on his white horse or taking command of his army; the historic elm, pictures of Sherman and other generals, soldiers marching, guns, drums, horns, swords, etc.

Use Mr. Lincoln's picture as a wood-cutter; as a boy reading by the aid of a pine knot, stretched on the floor; as a president signing the pardon of some poor soldier; or writing the Emancipation Proclamation. There is no end to the pictures that may be used in this way. As these are pasted on, tell the story of the pictures or ask the pupils to find out all they can

about them before bringing them. As you place each on the chart, let the pupil who brought the picture rise and tell the school why he brought it, in what way it suggested patriotism, or what story it has brought with it into the room. Every picture has a story, a meaning; if not understood by the children, then try to make it clear.

Later, prepare a similar chart for heroes, or people who have done noble things; or pictures of heroic actions.

During general exercises it is a good plan to have different pupils stand before the patriotism or authors' chart and with pointer in hand point out the various pictures and tell what he can of each. This is a good way of summing up or reviewing the stories of the week or month. The child who does this very well may as a special privilege be allowed to explain its meaning and purpose to the guests present at the Washington or Lincoln exercises.

THE PROGRAM

Where the verses in this book are memorized and used as recitations for the birthday exercises, *adapt* them to the pupils and the school.

It will not be possible to give the whole story during the afternoon exercises.

Select those parts which give the main facts in the lives of Lincoln and Washington, and which appeal most to the children.

It will be necessary to omit parts of the poems for the youngest children.

Where these verses are used for the special exercises, fit the music to them as far as possible.

Where the pupils are old enough, use such patriotic songs as "Star Spangled Banner," "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" and "Mount Vernon Bells," but these are too difficult for first grade pupils. They may use the simpler songs, suggested in the program.

PICTURES

Pictures may be used in presenting this story or program, in a way to add much to the interest.

After the first recitation, which is an introduction to the story, the picture or bust of Washington or Lincoln may be placed upon an easel or in a conspicuous place on the platform.

This may be done by the pupil, if the picture is a small one; by the teacher, if large and heavy.

The placing of the picture may be followed by the placing of a wreath over it, or this may come at the conclusion of the exercises.

If it is not possible to get a large picture, use the patriotism chart, as described elsewhere.

Another plan is to secure pictures which illustrate the recitations. As each child concludes his recitation, let him or another child hold the picture before the school, and then place it on the chalk-tray along the front of the blackboard. The pictures given in this book may be cut out, mounted, and used in this manner.

Others may be secured from magazines. Many pictures illustrating the life of Lincoln may be found in McClure's magazine for 1895 and 1896.

A fine colored poster of Washington is on the cover of the Youths' Companion for February, 1897.

Ask the pupils to assist in securing pictures for a Washington and Lincoln picture gallery.

Mount these on gray card-board if it is possible to get it.

A pretty ending for the exercises is the placing of all the small flags carried by pupils around the picture of the hero. This may be done by hanging or draping a fish or tennis net behind the picture. Arrange it in the shape of an oblong or square, and so low that pupils will have no difficulty in placing the flags in the meshes of the net as they pass it in the march.

Let the pupils practise placing the flags so as to make a frame of flags and understand just where the flags are to go before the birthday exercises take place.

Do not follow this program. Adapt it. It is intended to be merely suggestive.

WASHINGTON PROGRAM

1. Song, Flag Salute. By school.
2. Recitation, "Introduction of the Story of Washington."
3. Placing of the picture, bust or wreath.
4. Song, "Washington."
5. Recitation, "His Home."
6. Placing of the picture of First Home.
7. Recitation, "The Name in the Garden."
8. Placing of the name at the head of the picture gallery. The smallest child in the room may place the card on which the name of Washington is painted in large green letters; or a banner with letters in green or evergreen may be placed near or over the portrait on the easel or blackboard.
9. Recitation, "The Hatchet." Pupil carries a gayly decorated card-board hatchet with him, and at close of recitation places it at the foot of the portrait or on the board near the pictures.
10. Song, "Dare to be True."
11. Recitation, "The Colt." Courage.
12. Song, "Have Courage, My Boy."
13. Recitation, "School Days."
14. Recitation, "Politeness."
15. Song, "A Bunch of Golden Keys."
16. Recitation, "His Strength."
17. Song, "I'll Be a Soldier Boy."
18. Recitation, "Obedience."
19. Placing of Washington's mother's picture in the picture gallery.

20. Recitation, "Learning a Trade." At the conclusion of recitation, let one of the smallest children place under or upon the picture of Washington a chain of red, white and blue paper links which has been made for seat work.

21. Recitation, "Soldier."

22. Placing of the picture showing Washington on his War Horse.

23. Song, "When I'm Big, I'll Be a Soldier." Solo.

24. Recitation, "Martha Washington."

25. Placing of the picture of Martha Washington.

26. Recitation, "Mount Vernon." Placing of the picture of Mount Vernon.

27. Recitation, "Modes of Travel."

28. Picture of old Washington coach.

29. Recitation, "The Revolution."

30. Song, "Drummer Boy."

31. Recitation, "The Flag."

32. Placing of the picture of Betty Ross, who made the flag.

33. Pupil passes to the platform carrying a large flag, and holds it while all sing "The First Flag," or "Red, White and Blue." At close of song the flag is placed near or over Washington's picture.

34. Song, "The First Flag," or "Red, White and Blue."

35. Recitation, "The Washington Elm."

36. Placing of picture of elm.

37. Recitation, "President."

38. Recitation, "The White House."

39. Placing of White House picture.

40. Recitation, "His Death."

41. Song, "Mount Vernon Bells Are Ringing."

42. Recitation, "His Monument." Placing of picture of monument.

43. Recitation, "Conclusion."

44. Placing of the wreath over bust or portrait while pupils sing.

45. Song, "Garlands Bright and Fair" or "America."
46. March.

The march is to be played while the pupils march to the front of room and place flags around the picture of Washington, or they may carry twigs of evergreen and drop them before the bust or portrait as they pass out of room.

LINCOLN PROGRAM

1. Song, "Flag Salute," by school.
2. Recitation, "Introduction of Story of Lincoln."
3. Placing of the picture or bust of Lincoln before the school on easel, or near platform.
4. Song, "Lincoln."
5. Placing of the evergreen wreath over bust or picture.
6. Recitation, "Home."
7. Placing of the picture of Lincoln's birthplace.
8. Recitation, "His Mother."
9. Placing of the picture of Nancy Hanks, Lincoln's mother.
10. Recitation, "Generosity."
11. Recitation, "Kindness."
12. Song, "Kind Words Can Never Die."
13. Recitation, "School."
14. Recitation, "Books."
15. Recitation, "His Scrap Book."
16. Recitation, "Surveying."

At conclusion of this recitation, let a very small pupil place under or over the picture of Lincoln a chain made of links of red, white and blue paper, which has been made for a seat work on Lincoln's birthday.

17. Recitation, "Good Habits."
18. Song, "Have Courage, My Boy, to Say No."
19. Recitation, "Slavery."
20. Recitation, "President."

21. Placing of the picture of the "White House."
22. Recitation, "The War."
23. Song, "A Soldier Boy."
24. Recitation, "Emancipation."
25. Placing of the picture of the Heroic Statue, St. Gaudens.
26. Recitation, "Thanksgiving."
27. Song, "Thanksgiving Song," or "America."
28. Recitation, "His Death."
29. Recitation, "Let Us Be Like Him."
30. Placing of picture of monument.
31. Recitation, "His Teachers."
32. Placing of wreath over his picture, if this was not done at beginning of program.
33. Song, "Garlands Bright and Fair," or Flag Song.
34. March, "Marching Thro' Georgia," or "John Brown." To be played while pupils march and place small flags around portrait, or lay evergreen twigs before it.

NOTE.—Many recitations as well as patriotic songs may be added to this program.

LIST OF PATRIOTIC SONGS

From which to select for Washington and Lincoln programs.

Washington Song.
Lincoln Song.
Flag Salute.
Red, White and Blue.
I'm a little Soldier Boy.
Drummer Boy.

The above are from "Songs in Season." A. Flanagan, Publisher.

America, Feb. Plan Book and Lincoln-Washington Book.
My Country.
Star Spangled Banner.
Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.
Red, White and Blue.
Mount Vernon Bells.

AMERICA

Rev. S. F. Smith.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees,
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills Thy woods and
Sweet free-dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free - dom's

pil - grims' pride, From ev - 'ry moun-tain side, Let free-dom ring!
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par - take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

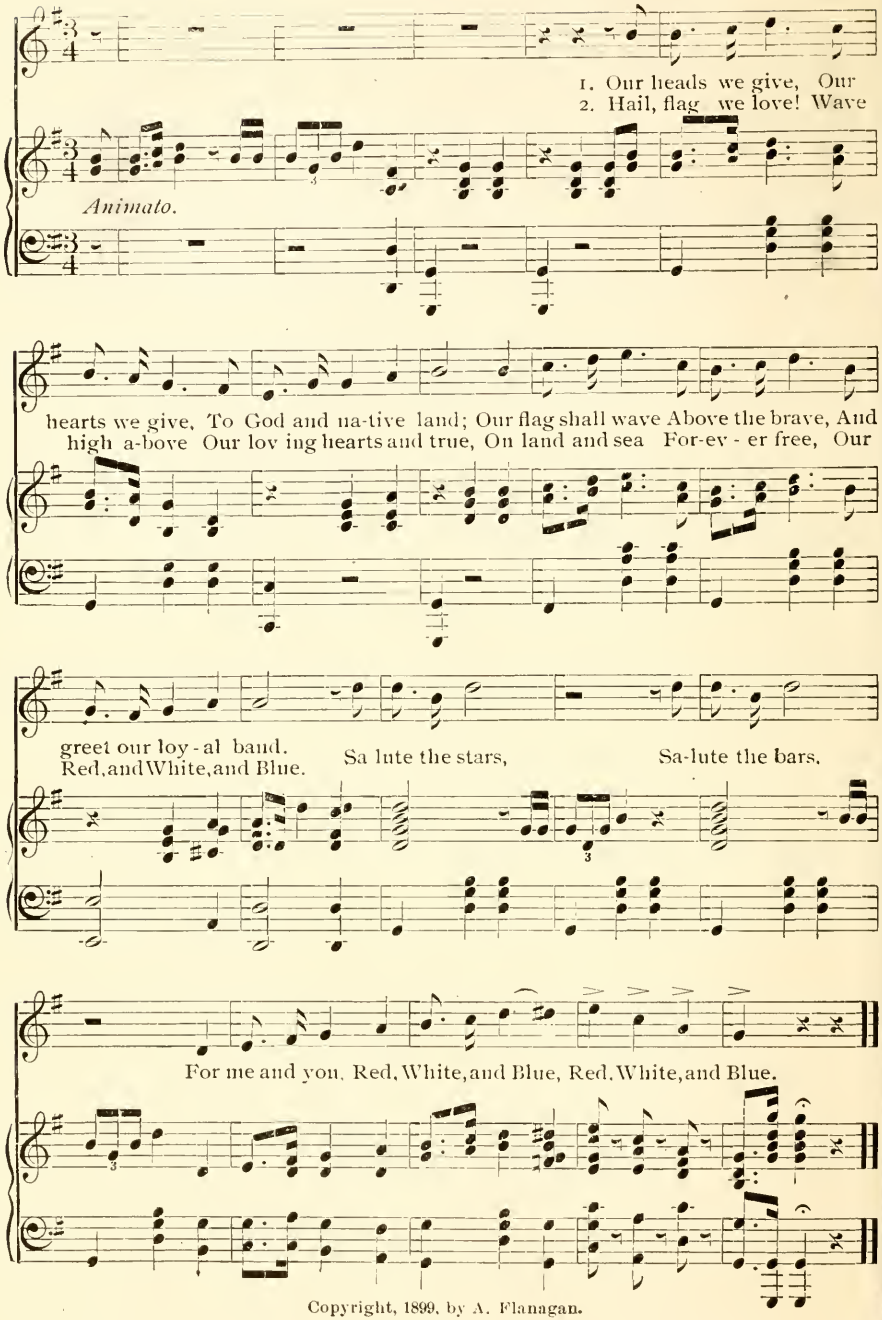
MY COUNTRY

My country, I love thee,
Though but a child I be—
  Of thee I sing.
I love the stories told
Of all thy heroes bold,
With each bright starry fold,
  Thy flag I bring.

My country, I would pray
To serve thee every day,
  Like those before.
I would a hero be,
And live and fight for thee,
To keep thee fair and free,
  For evermore.

SALUTE.

LYDIA AVERY COONLEY. FREDERIC W. ROOT.



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THE FIRST FLAG

LYDIA AVERY COONLEY — FRANK H. ATKINSON, Jr.

Lightly

1. Who made the first flag? Bet - ty Ross, Bet - ty Ross! She made it with cot-ton, with woollen and floss. Who taught her the way? 'Twas our first pres - i - dent, He planned and she sewed, for she knew what he meant.

2. The stars had five points, for she looked up on high, And she thought that five points had the stars in the sky; For each of the first Thir-teen States to be - gin, A red stripe, a white stripe, she counted them in.

3. And on the blue field she left plen - ty of room For a star for each State, how-e'er man-y might come; So the first flag was made, and for me and for you It is float-ing to - day in its Red, White, and Blue.

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THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE

LYDIA AVERY COONLEY — FRANK H. ATKINSON, Jr.

1. The Red, White, and Blue floats be-fore us, The flag of the brave and the free, Its stars and its stripes wav-ing o'er us, Are bright on the land and the sea.
2. In lands far a-way when we're rov-ing, And flag of our Un-ion we see, Our hearts to their deep-est thrill mov-ing, Sa-lute the dear flag of the free. Oh! look where the sun-light is fall-ing, And gild-ing the col-ors a-new, The

From "Songs in Season"

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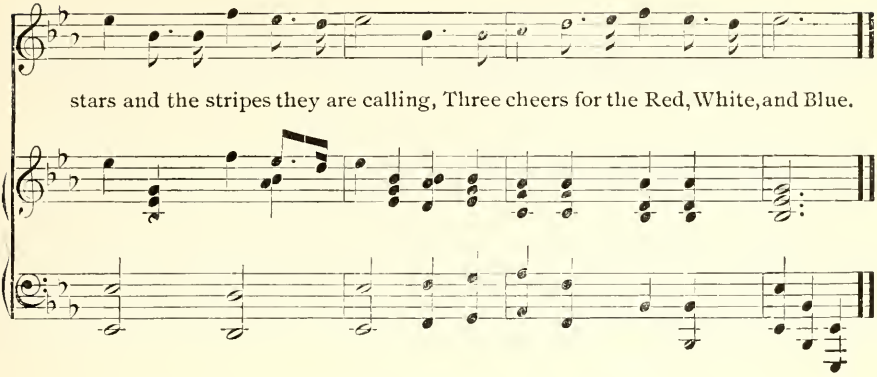
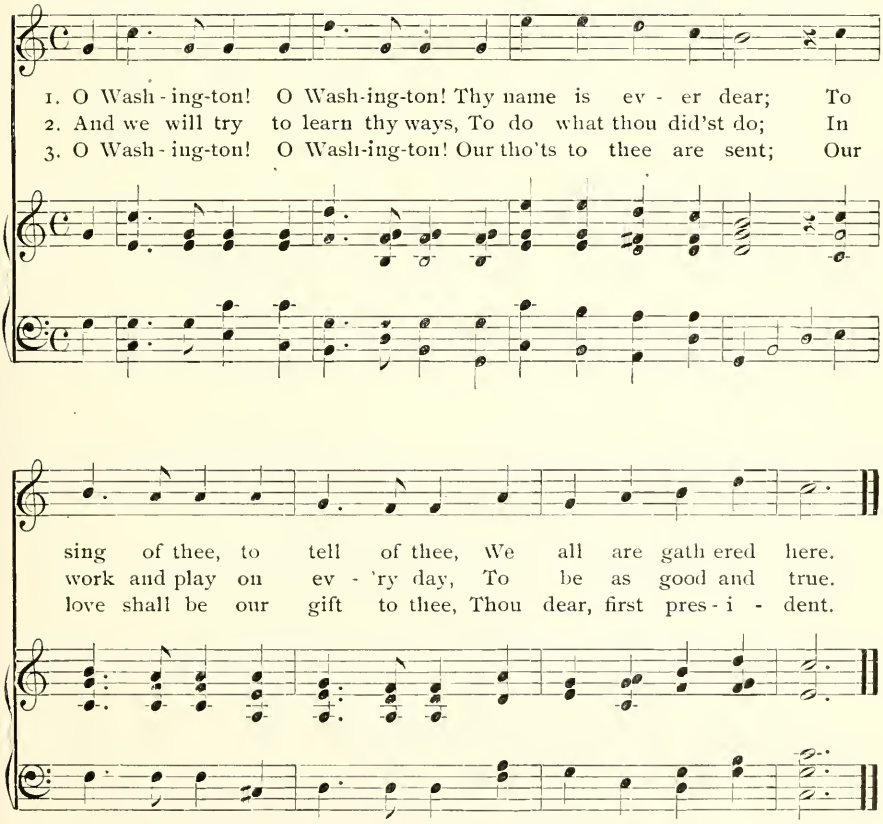


WASHINGTON SONG

LYDIA AVERY COONLEY — FRANK H. ATKINSON, Jr.



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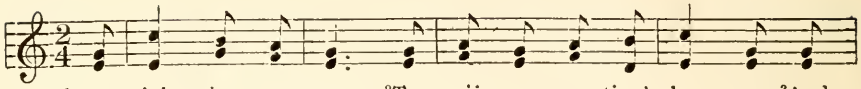
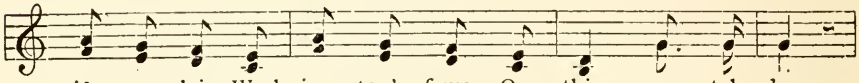
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

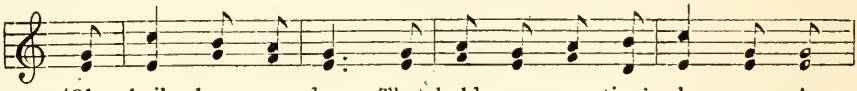
S. F. H. German Air



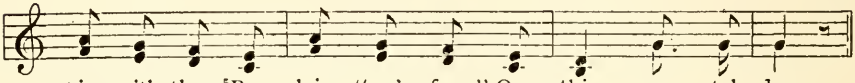
1. [1]Come, join in our song [2]To praise a na - tion's he - ro; [3]And
2. [9]Oh, where is the land In all the wide cre - a - tion, That



wide pro-claim Wash-ing - ton's fame, On this na - tal day.
beams so bright [10]With free - dom's light On this na - tal day.

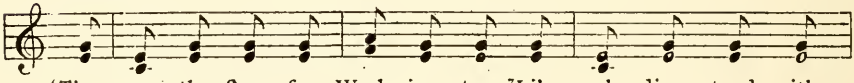


[4]Oh hail, hap - py day, That holds a na - tion's glo - ry; A
[11]Then hail, hail to thee, Our Pres - i - dent and he - ro, [12]And

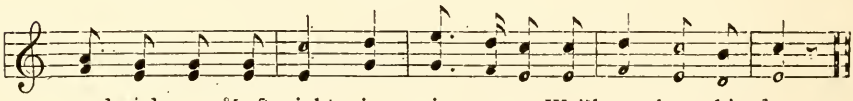


voice with thee [5]Pro - claim, "we're free." On this na - tal day.
wide pro-claim His name and fame, On this na - tal day.

CHORUS.



[6]Then wave the flags for Wash - ing - ton, [7]Like sol - diers stand with



sword and gun; [8]Left, right, in rain or sun We'll march on this day.

If possible each pupil should have a small flag on his desk.

1 Inviting gesture with right hand.
2 Figure H.
3 A sweeping motion outward, with both hands.
4 Wave right hand above, three times.
5 Figure H.
6 Take up flag and wave it from side to side with right hand, keeping time.
7 Drop flag over right shoulder; mark time.
8 March forward and backward, four steps; lay flag on the desk.
9 Same as 3.
10 Figure K.
11 Same as 4.
12 Figure H, then with sweeping motion outward bring arms to position.

By per. from Mabel Pray's "Motion Songs."

I'M A LITTLE SOLDIER BOY

Words selected

Music by MARY S. CONRADE

Allegro

1. I'm a lit - tle sol - dier boy, Brave and true;
2. May I be a sol - dier boy, Brave and true?
3. I'm a lit - tle sol - dier boy, Brave and true;

Fol - low me, my Cap - tain says So I do.
Have you in your ar - my bright, Room for two?
I can wave the ban - ner, see! Will I do?

Raise the ban - ner; join the song; Face the foe;

Up with right and down with wrong; On we go.

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DRUMMER BOY

Words selected

Music by MARY S. CONRADE

Allegro

1. Drum-mer boy, drum-mer boy, Where are you speed - ing, Roll - ing so gai - ly your bold rat - a - plan? I go where my coun - try my ser - vice is need-ing, Roll - ing so gai - ly my bold rat - a - plan.
2. Col - or boy, col - or boy, Where are you hie - ing, Wav - ing your ban - ner of red, white and blue? I go where the flag of the free should be fly - ing, Wav - ing my ban - ner of red, white, and blue.
3. Sol - dier boy, sol - dier boy, Where are you go - ing, Bear - ing so proud - ly your knap sack and gun? I go where my coun - try my du - ty is show-ing, Bear - ing so proud - ly my knap-sack and gun.

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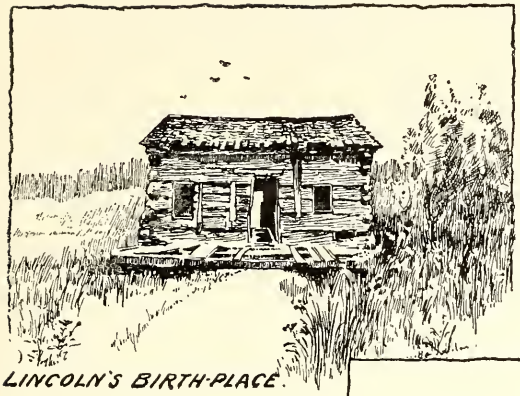
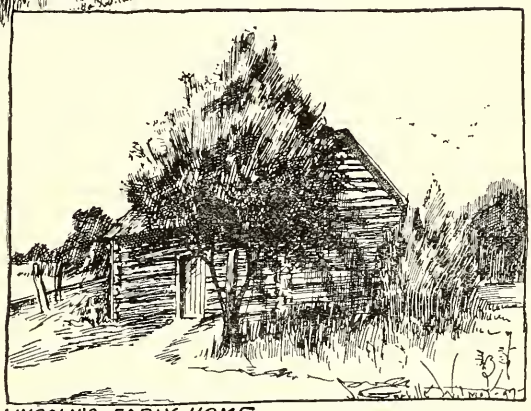
HEROIC STATUE OF LINCOLN BY ST. GAUDENS IN LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO



LINCOLN'S BIRTH-PLACE.



LINCOLN'S EARLY HOME

LINCOLN MONUMENT.
IN WASHINGTON, D. C

THE STORY OF LINCOLN

INTRODUCTION

Children, we will tell the story
  Of a noble boy, who went
From the people in his manhood
  To become their president.

His the poorest of log cabins
  And the very simplest food;
He was awkward, he was homely,
  But was honest, kind and good.

Listen to this wondrous story
  Of his life, all free from blame;
Learn its lessons and then honor
  Abraham Lincoln's noble name.

ANCESTORS

Abraham Lincoln's great-grandfather
  Abraham Lincoln, too, we call;
And his father's name was Thomas;
  In Virginia lived they all.

February twelfth they tell us,
  Eighteen hundred nine, at morn,
In the wilds of old Kentucky,
  There was Abraham Lincoln born.

Little guessed his loving mother,
  Little guessed his father proud
That this baby son would one day
  Lift them high above the crowd:

Send the name of Lincoln sounding
  To the far ends of the earth;
Making humble little cabin
  Place of hero's noble birth.

HOME

Long ago a little cabin
  Stood within a forest shade;
Abraham Lincoln's father built it,—
  Log on log its walls he laid.

Very poor the little cabin,
  Just the ground it had for floor;
Open place the only window, —
  Open place the only door.

Over door and over window
  Bear skins hung by night and day;
Snow in winter, rain in summer,
  Blowing wind,—they kept away.

Bed of dry leaves in the corner,
  Table set against the wall,
Stools to sit on by the fireplace,
  Kettle-oven,—that was all.

On the table set for dinner
  Cup of tin and wooden plate;
Mush and milk and corn-cake steaming,
  That was what the Lincolns ate.

EARLY TIMES

I

People in old times were simple,
  Living on the plainest fare;
Little money,—by exchanging
  They bought food and clothes to wear.

To a new man they said: "Welcome!
  We are glad that you have come!"
All the neighbors joined to help him
  Build his simple cabin home.

Then each for himself must manage,—
  Hunt and fish and plant and sow;
He who could not turn shoemaker,
  Often barefoot had to go.

All the woods with game were swarming,
  Swine a luxury would bring;
For they thought hoe-cake and bacon
  Good enough for any king.

They had often their camp meetings,
  Weddings, dances, quilting bees;
In cold weather all in cabins,
  When 'twas warm beneath the trees.

Children then could have no candy,
  But their mothers sometimes made
Sweetmeats from the wild bees' honey,
  In the hollow oak trees laid.

When their life became too lonely
  Families together moved
To far distant places, spending
  Months with kindred whom they loved.

EARLY TIMES

II

When were passed the earliest trials
  Comfort then they learned to know;
Wolves were killed and sheepfolds flourished,
  Flax and hemp began to grow.

Then the women all learned weaving,
  How to spin and sew and cut;
They made suits of jeans that men wore,
  Dyed them brown with butternut.

For themselves they made their dresses
  Of the lindsey, much admired;
When they wore them at their meetings
  They were counted well attired.

Every thing of use was treasured,—
  Bits of metal, battered tin;
From them they made sifters, graters,
  Spoon and fork and skewer pin.

Lack of tools was a great hardship
  To the early pioneer;
Woodman's ax was quite as precious
  As a sword to knight or peer.

They were faithful, just and earnest;
  Kindly words their heart reveal;
Many a traveler's fears all vanished
  With the blessing on the meal.

HIS MOTHER

Nancy Hanks was Abraham's mother,
  Tall and queenly, full of grace,
Gentle in her words and manners,
  Beautiful of form and face.

She could read and write; not many
  Men had learned as much as she;
All her books she loved and treasured,
  They were only two or three.

She taught Abraham how to read them,
  Taught him how to write and spell;
Best of all she loved the Bible,
  And he learned its lessons well.

For she said: "Be ever honest;
  Always tell the perfect truth;
Conquer self; be just; be patient;
  Serve your God in early youth."

In his heart the seed was planted
  By his mother's gentle voice;
Later on its flower of beauty
  Made his countrymen rejoice.

HIS MOTHER'S INFLUENCE

Little Abraham watched his mother
  Sitting in the cabin, where
Spinning, weaving, sewing, knitting,
  She made clothes for him to wear.

Every evening by the fireside
  Listening to her tales with joy,
Close beside his loving mother
  Sat her eager little boy.

Ne'er forgotten were the lessons
  That this gentle woman taught;
Never whispered he "I will not!"
  When his mother said: "You ought!"

Sad his heart was when she left him,
  For she died when he was nine;
"All I am" he said "or may be,
  I owe to that mother mine."

GOING TO MEETING

Far off from the Lincoln cabin,
  All of logs, without a floor,
Little meeting-house was builded,—
  Not a window not a door.

To this little house of meeting
  People came from miles around;
And while listening to the preacher,
  Sat on logs upon the ground.

In the middle on a tree-stump,
  When he spoke the preacher stood;
All the people loved to listen,
  Called the sermon very good.

After meeting was all over,
  After prayer and after song,
Every one brought out his dinner,
  For they staid the whole day long.

They were glad to go to meeting,
  Sunday was a happy day.
Abraham loved with friends to visit,
  Boys and girls from far away.

HIS SUIT

One day Abraham's mother called him;
  "Come and see what I will make!
Here are bear skins father brought me;
  See! the very best I'll take!

"You shall have a suit of bear skin,
  Every piece from tip to toe.
I will make hat, coat, and trousers,—
  Yes, I'll even make a shoe!"

Then the children laughing watched her
  While she made the bear skin suit;
Moccasins she made to match it—
  One for each long, narrow foot.

"Now we'll have a cap of bear skin
  Fitted close," the mother said,
"With a fox's tail for tassel
  Tossing gaily on your head."

So she made the suit of bear skin:
  Lincoln loved to tell of it,
Always said it was a beauty,
  And a very perfect fit.

PLAYING PREACHER

Often came the circuit rider,
  At the meeting-house would preach;
Abraham listened and decided
  That his sister he would teach.

To the field they went together;
  On a log she sat her down;
To her brother all attention,—
  Never smile, but sometimes frown.

Abraham preached,—the little sister
  Was the congregation then;
"Let us sing a hymn;" they sang it:
  Then the preacher said "Amen."

GENEROSITY

Abraham never could be selfish,
  What he had he always shared,
Though it sometimes was a trial
  When they all so poorly fared.

Seldom could they have molasses,
  They watched for it long ahead;
When it came, his mother hurried
  To make Abraham gingerbread.

One day when she made it, he went
  Out to eat it 'neath a tree;
Along came a little darky,
  Wide eyed, hungry-mouthed was he.

Abraham did not care to see him,
  Not a word at first he said;
But at last he could not stand it,
  Gave him half his gingerbread.

HIS KINDNESS

I.

THE TURTLE

Abraham to the boys stood speaking,
  Came a turtle crawling by;
One boy picked it up and swung it
  Round his head,— then let it fly.

Up spoke Abraham, full of anger;
  "Cowards are you all at heart,
So to hurt a helpless being;
  You should take the turtle's part!

"All dumb things are God's own creatures,
  Of each one we should be fond!"
Then the children took the turtle,
  Put it back into the pond.

II

THE PIG

One day with some friends out riding,
  Abraham passed a miry slough
Where a pig was vainly trying
  To get out, but knew not how.

"My new clothes! I must not spoil them!"
  Lincoln said, and rode along;
But the more he thought about it
  More he felt that he was wrong.

So he turned and backward going
  To the slough he thought about,
Spoiled his clothes, but eased his heartache,
  As he drew poor piggy out.

III

THE TURKEY

Abraham's father took long journeys,
  Hoping money he could earn;
Then the boy worked for his mother,
  Very glad to take his turn.

He split wood and did the milking,
  Brought the water, raked the fire
Worked from sunrise till the night fell,
  As if he could never tire.

When he had to shoot a turkey,
  After it was done, he cried;
Said that killing was most cruel,
  Mourned for animals that died.

Why should our life be more precious?
  Theirs to them is just as good!
"Never more," he said, "I'll kill one;
  Not unless it be for food."

IV

THE DOG

When the Lincolns, moving westward,
  Reached a cold and icy stream,
Then the oxen hesitated,
  But at last in went the team.

It was very hard to drive them
  Through the broken, floating ice;
Up the western bank they plodded,
  Then a cry rang, once, twice, thrice.

"You have left the dog! Good riddance!
  I am glad of it!" said one.
"Hear him howl," exclaimed another,
  "Whip up, Abe, we'll soon be gone!"

Abraham looked; the dog was calling,
  Calling, well he knew, to him;
Broken ice upon the river
  Drove him back, he could not swim.

"Drive on! Drive on!" "Whoa!" said Abraham;
  "Abe, what are you going to do?"
"Going to do as I'd be done by!"
  Taking off his sock and shoe.

Through the icy stream he waded,
  In his arms the dog he bore;
When again he crossed it over,
  Set him on the other shore.

Glad his heart; his face was beaming;
  The dog followed all the way,
Leaping, dancing, small tail wagging;
  "Thank you, sir," he tried to say.

V

THE BIRDS

Lincoln was a man of thirty
  When a party, two by two,
Through a country road went riding;
  All were lawyers whom he knew.

They were watering their horses
  In a thicket of wild plum,
When one asked: "Why, where is Lincoln?
  Why is it he does not come?"

"When I saw him," said another,
  "He had caught two little birds;
From their nest the wind had blown them,
  And he did not stop for words."

He was hunting for the mother
  And the nest that she had made;
And at last he really found it,
  Both the birds within it laid.

Then he went back to the riders;
  "I could not have slept with ease
If I had not found that mother!
  Laugh!" he said, "laugh all you please!"

SCHOOL

Five years old was Abraham Lincoln
  When at first to school he went;
A log cabin was the school house
  Where the little boy was sent.

Grown up people with the children
  Were the scholars in that school,
And the master was a strange man,
  Often sternly did he rule.

But although there were so many
  Men and women, great and small,
Little Abraham took the head place,
  The best scholar of them all.

SPELLING

Every thing was very different
  When our Lincoln went to school;
Scarcely any books they had then,
  Teacher taught them every rule.

Just one spelling book to teach from,
  Only one from which to learn;
Boys and girls and men and women
  Stood in line and took their turn.

When the exercise was called for,
  And they stood up, one, two, three,
Abraham Lincoln was the head one,
  Best of all the spellers he.

To the foot the master sent him,
  Soon again at head he stood;
Longest words with queerest letters,
  He spelled each one as he should.

WRITING

In old times there were no steel pens,
  Every one wrote with a quill,
Sharpening it when rough or worn off,
  That no ink on page should spill.

Teachers always wrote the copies;
  Scholars tried to have it look
As if one did all the writing
  In each little copy book.

In the writing book were mottoes
  Daily copied, clear and round;
These words by our Lincoln written
  In his copy book were found:

Abraham Lincoln,
His hand and pen,
He will be good,
But God knows when.

HIS SLATE

Lincoln had but little paper,
Slates and blackboards then were few,
But they had a wooden shovel,
He could always make that do.

Studying before the fire-place,
Close at hand the shovel stood;
On it he would write and cipher,
For a slate 'twas pretty good.

Sometimes stories, sometimes poetry
He wrote on its wooden face;
When all full he planed it over,
Then he had a nice, clean place.

HIS BOOKS

Two books had the little Abraham,
With them he would never part;
One of these was Æsop's fables,
And he learned them all by heart.

An arithmetic the other,
And he had instead of slate,
Board of pine and charcoal pencil,
Working early, working late.

Twelve miles walked this little fellow,
Book to borrow from a friend;
Twelve miles he walked to return it,
When he'd read it to the end.

Life of Washington he loved best;
Little thought they then that he,
Lincoln, strong and dark and quiet,
Would his great successor be.

PAYING FOR A BOOK

Life of Washington—the favorite
Book that Abraham Lincoln knew;
Read by day and night; though borrowed,
Read again and through and through.

To his room the book he carried,
Hid 'mong logs the while he slept;
One night came a furious snow-storm,
Soaked the book, and Abraham wept.

To the owner then he took it:
"See! It's spoiled! What shall I do?"
"Seventy-five cents, sir, you must give me,
Or else three days' work from you!"

"I've no money; I will work, sir."
When the three days' work was done,
Abraham's book it was; it made him
Happiest boy beneath the sun.

READING

Abraham's mother often found him,
When the twilight settled there,
Lying on the floor and reading
By the cabin firelight's glare.

He must save the tallow candle,
Burning only for a need,
And the fireplace shed upon him
Light enough for him to read.

Few the books that he could borrow,
  Grammar, Æsop's fables old,
Crusoe, Pilgrim's Progress, History
  Of our nation, young and bold.

'Twas this love of books and study,
  Daily reading, careful plan,
Made the boy an earnest scholar
  When he grew to be a man.

GRAMMAR

Lincoln found a wise schoolmaster,
  "I have come," he said, "to look
For a man to teach me grammar;
  Tell me where to get a book."

"You are right! You ought to learn it!
  And you can recite to me.
There's a man who has a grammar;
  If he'll sell it you can see."

Lincoln walked six miles to find him,
  Bought the book, and, work all done,
Studied daily and recited;
  Grammar class of only one.

For he wished to be a lawyer,
  And he knew he must not turn
From his plan of constant study,
  Since so much he had to learn.

THE BIBLE

Lincoln always loved his Bible,
  Studied it from early youth;
There he learned its noble lessons,
  Justice, mercy, love and truth.

There he learned its power of language,
  Simple words and style so clear
That the people loved to listen;
  When he spoke, they came to hear.

From the Bible oft he quoted
  Parable and text and tale;
Memory made a mighty storehouse
  Of his mind; it did not fail.

Golden treasures he had stored there;
  All his life he drew from it
Stores of fancy, stores of knowledge,
  Wisdom, poetry and wit.

WORK

Lincoln always was a worker,
  Turned his hand to many things;
Chores and small tasks for his mother,
  All a farmer's home life brings.

Split the rails and did the plowing,
  Hunted when they needed food;
Felled the trees and chopped the firewood,
  Measured land by link and rood.

None were stronger, steadier, quicker
  Than this boy, at work all day;
But when came the evening shadows
  All his work he put away.

Then he gave his hours to study,
  Shovel for a blackboard took;
There he wrote and there he ciphered,
  By his side his lesson book.

APPEARANCE

Six feet four stood Abraham Lincoln,
  Like a giant in his strength;
Let him wrestle, and his rival
  Measured on the ground his length.

Swiftest runner, highest jumper,
  Fastest walker,—that was he;
And though always surely winner,
  He had not an enemy.

Tall and awkward, scarcely knowing
  How to sit or how to rise;
Though his hands and feet were clumsy,
  Full of kindness were his eyes.

Dark his skin and hair like midnight,
  Dark his heavy eyebrows' droop;
As if half ashamed of tallness
  His broad shoulders learned to stoop.

Quicker than all others handling
  The rail splitter's heavy maul;
When the woodman's axe he lifted,
  His were truest blows of all.

When he walked, his gait was measured
  By a heavy, even tread;
"I will do it!" "I will do it!"
  That was what his footsteps said.

SURVEYING

Abraham Lincoln learned surveying
  When he came to be eighteen;
Learned by links and chains to measure,
  Learned what charts and drawings mean.

With the compass he was skillful,
  Always neat and accurate;
Settlers liked to have him measure
  Fields, and farms to separate.

For they knew that he was honest,
  He was truthful, he was just;
Whosoever else they doubted,
  Abraham Lincoln they could trust.

HIS SCRAP BOOK

Lincoln made himself a scrap book
  Of coarse paper, firmly sewn;
In it wrote from books he borrowed
  Extracts that he wished to own.

Wrote down stories, mottoes, proverbs;
  Copied pages full in it;
Every thing that greatly pleased him;
  Then he learned it,—every bit.

All this helped him to remember
  What he heard and what he read;
When he talked, the people listening
  Said he had a level head.

Truth was that he paid attention
  To whate'er he read or heard;
Often he was found repeating
  Speech and sermon, word for word.

STUDYING LAW

Lincoln went to hear a lawyer
  Make a speech; when it was through
'Twas so fine that he decided
  He would be a lawyer too.

So he earned by his surveying
  Time that he could call his own;
From a friend some books he borrowed,
  Then he studied law alone.

In the shadow of the forest
  Where he sat for hours and read,
A cool brook was babbling near him,
  Birds were flying overhead.

There he dearly loved to study,
  Birds and squirrels came to look;
So the forest was his law school
  And his college was a book.

LAWYER

Lincoln soon was made a lawyer
  In the state of Illinois,
And all wondered at the learning
  Of the humble farmer boy.

Then he said: "I'll only work for
  Those who I believe are right;
I will do the thing I ought to,
  For I know that right is might."

People knew he'd keep a promise,
  That to do the right he tried;
So they came to see him, saying:
  "We must have him on our side.

"We can trust him! He's as honest
  And unselfish as the day!"
Well they knew they could believe him,
  "Honest Abe!" they loved to say.

GOOD HABITS

Abraham Lincoln, in his boyhood,
  Thought: I will do all I can
With my life; 'twas God who gave it;
  I will be a splendid man.

I will never touch tobacco,
  Never smoke and never drink;
I will keep my lips from swearing,
  Evil thoughts I will not think.

So the boy set up his standard,
  Kept his mind and body pure;
And his virtues, like his good deeds,
  Through all ages will endure.

SLAVERY

Just before he reached his manhood,
  To the southward Lincoln went;
There he saw them selling people,
  Saw what slavery really meant.

They were selling men and women,
  Selling little babies too;
Taking them away from mothers,
  Where,—the mothers never knew.

Lincoln's heart was full of pity;
  "If I ever can," said he,
"I will help these men and women;
  I will try to set them free.

"Surely we are all God's children!
  Buying, selling, must not be!
We should be a band of brothers,
  Black and white must all be free!"

PRESIDENT

When the times were very troubled,
  And a war was very near,
People wished for a brave leader
  In that time of grief and fear.

"Who will help us?" was the question,
  "Who's the strongest, wisest man?"
From the west came mighty voices:
  "We will tell you, for we can.

"Here's an honest man and faithful,
  All his life for others spent;
We choose Lincoln! Abraham Lincoln!"
  So they made him president.

THE WAR

Lincoln tried in every manner
  To prevent the threatened war,
Saying: "Are we not all brothers?
  Countrymen, you know we are!"

But the people would not listen,
  "Let the states divide," they said;
Lincoln's heart was very heavy,
  But it was in vain he plead.

Then he called for soldiers, saying,
  "For the Union we must fight.
Let us hasten peace by praying;
  Victory will crown the right."

EMANCIPATION

Abraham Lincoln in the White House
  Never for an hour forgot
He was brother of the people;
  Well he knew their humble lot.

All his thoughts of them were loving,
  All his plans for them were just;
He had wished to help the black man,
  Now his conscience said he must.

When a ruler tells the people
  That a thing shall surely be,
Then he makes a proclamation
  Every one can hear or see.

Lincoln made a proclamation,
  Said the slaves should all be free;
Put it in the constitution
  So that law at once 'twould be.

Then a cry of joy went ringing
  Over land and over sea!
"Not a state can have a slave now,
  Men and women, all are free!"

THANKSGIVING

In the eastern states, Thanksgiving
  People always used to keep,
Ever since the pilgrim fathers
  Crossed the wild and stormy deep.

But when Lincoln was our ruler
  He said: "Why give thanks just there?
We should all be thankful! Let us
  Have Thanksgiving everywhere."

Then he set it in November,
  Saying: "Let it be our way
As a nation thanks to offer,
  Keeping thus Thanksgiving Day."

HIS DEATH

After Lincoln was elected
  All men learned to know his power,
Learned his tender heart and kindness,
  Loved him more with every hour

Then a second time elected,
  Doing every duty well,
Came a wicked man who shot him;
  Dying then our Lincoln fell!

Oh! what sorrow in the nation!
  Sorrow in the soldier's tent!
Every one the loss was mourning
  Of our noble president.

HIS TEACHERS

Where did Lincoln learn the wisdom
  That his daily life revealed?
Nature taught him in the forest,
  Taught him in the sky and field.

Where the little stream was winding;
  On the prairie, on the hill,
Were the lessons plainly written
  Just as they are written still.

In the Bible too he found them,
  Learned them at his mother's knee;
Heard as deafest ears may hear them;
  Saw as blindest eyes may see.

Were we only half as eager,
  Willing, loving, kind as he,—
Here today are the same teachers,
  Waiting just for you and me.

LET US BE LIKE HIM

When we think of Abraham Lincoln
  Then the angel voices call,
Saying: Try to be just like him!
  Be as noble one and all.

Be as truthful, as unselfish;
  Be as pure, as good, as kind;
Be as honest; never flatter;
  Give to God your heart and mind.

Seek not praise, but do your duty,
  Love the right and work for it;
Then the world will be the better
  Because you have lived in it.

TRIBUTE TO WASHINGTON

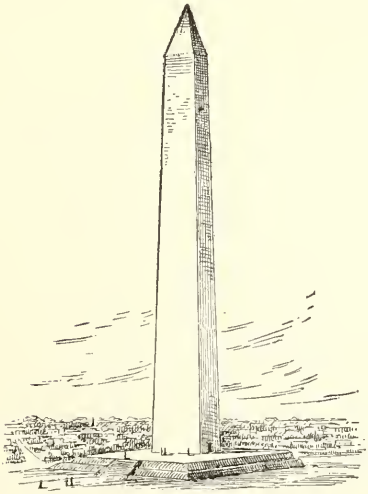
He left the quiet life he loved
  For dreadful scenes of war;
But thro' the battle-clouds he saw
  The star of peace afar.

His counsel was both wise and kind,
  His words were few, but strong;
His heart was always with the right,
  And brave against the wrong.

He gave the best of gifts—himself,—
  A noble gentleman;
And he became our first high type,—
  A true American.

WASHINGTON ON HORSEBACK.

HISTORIC ELM AT CAMBRIDGE.



WASHINGTON MONUMENT
IN CITY OF WASHINGTON.

THE STORY OF WASHINGTON.

INTRODUCTION

The story that I have to tell
  Is from the long ago,
When things were very different
  From those that now we know.

And yet some things were quite the same,—
  Truth, justice, kindly deeds;
In every age and every land
  The world such virtues needs.

And just because a little boy
  Tried to be good and true,
And grew to be a hero brave
  Who splendid things could do;

We love to talk of him today,
  Our country's noble son,
Our wonderful first president,
  Our dear George Washington.

HIS BIRTHPLACE

The Rappahannock River flowed
  Through meadows long and wide;
The Washington plantation lay,
  A farm along its side.

The house was very small; the rooms
  Were few, the roof was steep;
From out the attic windows, all
  The children liked to peep.

It was a pleasant little home
  To which one day there came
A darling little baby boy,—
  George Washington his name.

HIS MOTHER

George had a noble mother's care,
  And in his early youth
She taught him to be orderly,
  And always tell the truth.

He had his lessons and his rules,
  Their influence was great;
But most his mother's character
  He tried to imitate.

Her spirit, strong in governing,
  Her methods, strict and wise;
Her truthfulness,—all these stood out
  As models in his eyes.

And later, when friends said of him:
  "How like he is to her!"
He always thought that compliment
  The best they could confer.

THE NAME IN THE GARDEN

George was a little gardener,
  He liked to pull the weeds,
To dig and hoe, to spade and rake,
  To plant and sow the seeds.

His father once, unknown to him,
  Drew on the ground his name,
And sowed it thick with lettuce seeds,
  Then said when up they came:

"Come, George, and see a strange thing here,
  What can it ever mean?
Your own full name upon the ground,
  All written out in green."

George looked and wondered how it came;
It filled his heart with joy;
It surely was enough to please
The heart of any boy.

THE HATCHET

A friend a hatchet gave to George,
How proud it made him feel
To touch its handle, strong and firm,
Its blade of shining steel!

He went into the yard; he said:
"It is a beauty, but
It looks too fine! I'm half afraid
It will not really cut."

He saw a little cherry tree
With blossoms all on top;
"Of course, it can't hurt that," he said,
"I'll give a little chop!"

He chopped away, pretending that
A woodcutter was he;
At last it fell upon the ground,
And that was sad to see.

His father to the garden went,
A frown upon his face;
He said: "Who has cut down my tree,
And left this vacant place?"

George said: "'Twas I, I only wished
My hatchet new to try;
I did not think about the tree;
I cannot tell a lie."

"Come to my arms!" the father said,
"My boy has made me glad;
I loved the cherry tree, but more
I love my truthful lad."

HIS MOTHER'S COLT

Once George's mother had a colt,
And he was wild indeed;
She thought that when well trained he'd be
A fast and noble steed.

One summer morning George went out
With friends into the field;
He said: "Just help me catch that colt
And I will make him yield!"

The colt, a bit once in his mouth
The bridle could not doff;
George sprang upon his back; he tried
In vain to throw him off.

The sorrel reared, and kicked and plunged;
The fearless boy staid on;
He rode the colt around the field,
And victory seemed won.

But still more madly plunged the colt,
As if he would have said:
"A master I will never have!"
Then on the ground dropped dead.

The frightened boys looked on; but George
Straight to his mother went
And told the story; then she said:
"My son, I am content!

"Though I have lost a splendid colt,
  How proud I am to see
My son takes all the blame himself,
  And tells the truth to me."

SCHOOL DAYS

George was a student; well he knew
  What faithful work must mean;
And yet he only went to school
  Until he was sixteen.

Into a book he copied bills
  And papers, notes and deeds,
That he might learn the business ways
  That ever planter needs.

His writing was so neatly done,
  The letters round and plain,
That he had many compliments
  For pages without stain.

He made his mother proud of him,
  And she quite often sent
For his old copy books to show
  When he was President.

A LEADER

Even in play George was so bold,
  So fearless and so strong,
That he beat all the other boys;
  Not one could match him long.

And yet all loved him well, because
  He was so brave and true;
He could not be unjust or mean;
  And that his playmates knew.

They made him judge in their disputes,
An umpire for their need;
For they were very proud of him
And loved to have him lead.

HIS STRENGTH

George liked to play all kinds of games,
But liked the very best
The ones that tried his strength, and put
His quickness to the test.

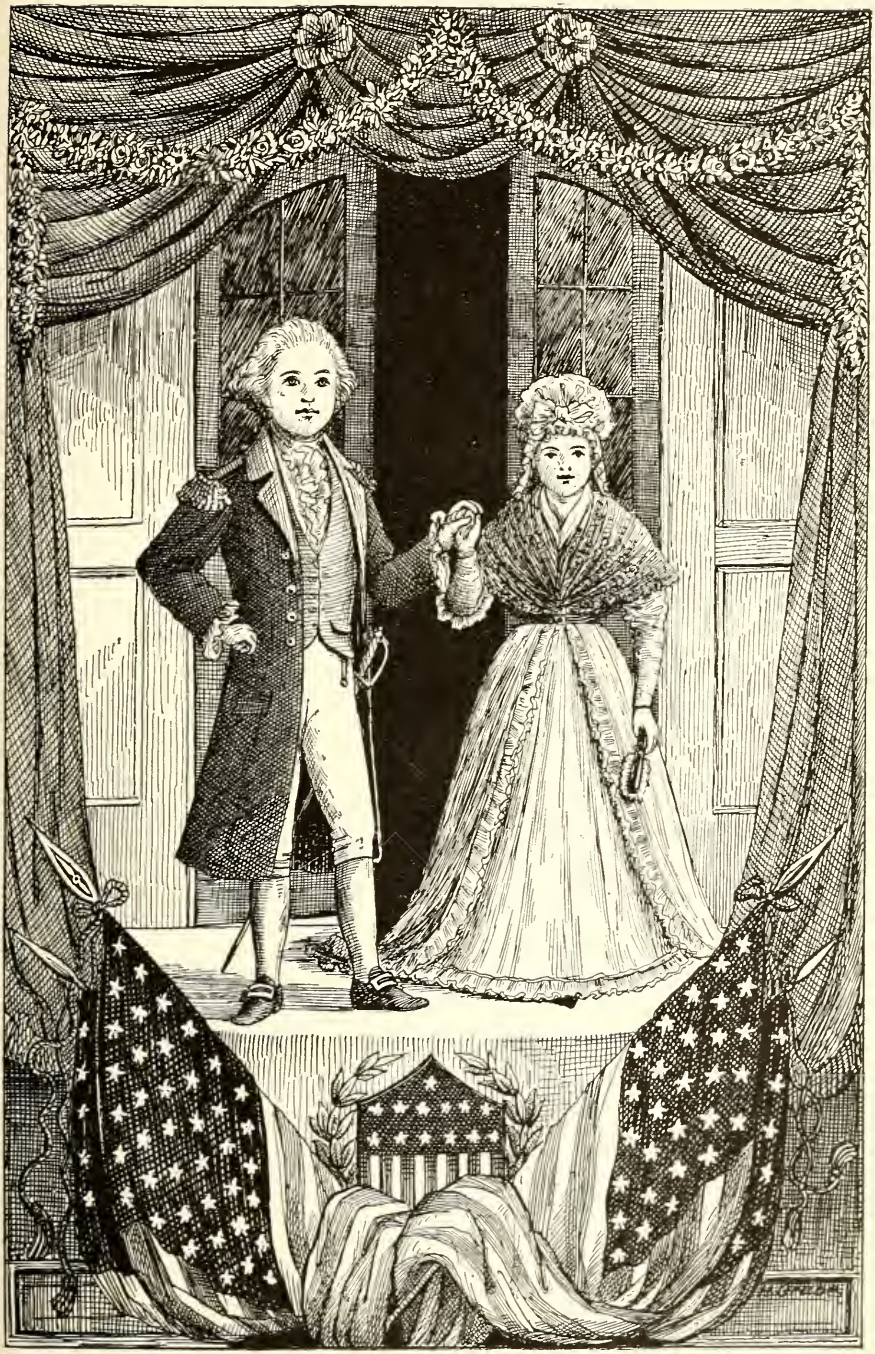
He was a famous jumper too,
And other boys excelled;
When they had contests, it was he
Who all the prizes held.

But playing soldier he liked best,
And he would always make
His playmates into companies,
And each a side must take.

They stacked their broomstick guns; they dug
Their very useful trench;
And one side was American
Of course; and one was French.

George was the captain and he chose
To be no foreign man;
For even in his play he was
A true American.

His always was the winning side;
For that was George's plan;
The boys all liked it; every one
Was an American.



CHILDREN COSTUMED AS GEORGE AND MARTHA WASHINGTON

POLITENESS

George always was most courteous,
  In every way polite;
He knew for honor to be given
  By youth to age was right.

He wrote down rules, and kept them too;
  "Be kind to all the weak;"
"Do not pronounce imperfectly!"
  "Think twice before you speak."

"Take not your food with greediness;"
  "Be manly in your play."
"The spark of conscience in your breast
  Keep bright and pure each day."

The writing of the olden times
  With greatest form was done;
"My honored Madam," George wrote out,
  And signed: "Your dutiful son."

It was like all the manners then,
  The stiff dress, stately bow;
"Dear Mother," George dared not to say,
  As little folks do now.

APPEARANCE

George was a splendid looking boy,
  Large, finely formed and tall;
In every company he rose
  In height above them all.

He looked the thorough gentleman,
  Kind, modest, cheerful, good;
He watched for opportunity
  To help where'er he could.

His coming to the playground, all
The children hailed with joy;
And in the house their parents said
He was a noble boy.

OBEDIENCE

At fifteen George wished very much
A midshipman to be;
At last his brother found a place
For him to go to sea.

His mother did not like the plan,
But yet could not deny
His wish; his goods were packed
'Twas time to say good-bye.

Her heart failed then; she said: "My son,
You are too young, I know!
I cannot spare my oldest child!
I cannot let you go!"

George knew the duty children owe
To parents, kind and dear;
He yielded to her wish and went
To school another year.

LEARNING A TRADE

Surveying in those early days
Had much that could attract
A boy as orderly as George,
As careful and exact.

Geometry he studied well
And learned to calculate;
Surveyed the field about the school
As if 'twas an estate.

About this time Lord Fairfax wished
His property surveyed;
To George, who only was sixteen,
An offer then he made.

George had to go into the woods
And mountains quite unknown;
Five weeks of hardest work he had
Before his task was done.

But he was doing useful work,
Was getting highest pay,
And never making a mistake,
So all the records say.

INDIAN WAYS

George was surveying when he found
The Indians had a way
Of keeping their own calendar,
A strange one, we should say.

They made deep notches in the trees,
A notch for every day;
When chiefs were parting and had planned
To be some time away,

Each one tied up a bunch of sticks,
A stick for every day;
Then every morning each would throw
One of his sticks away.

And then, when all the sticks were gone,
Of course, each chief would know
The time for meeting was at hand,
And that they all must go.

SOLDIER

The French and English at this time,
Both wanted all the land;
Between the two, the Indians
Did not know where to stand.

The people often were at war,
And George, then just nineteen,
Was made an adjutant, in charge
Of the district he lived in.

So back to studying he went
The art of war to learn;
He read the books, drilled, fenced and used
The gun and sword in turn.

Then on a mission he was sent,
A very difficult one;
He did it well; he was a man
They could depend upon.

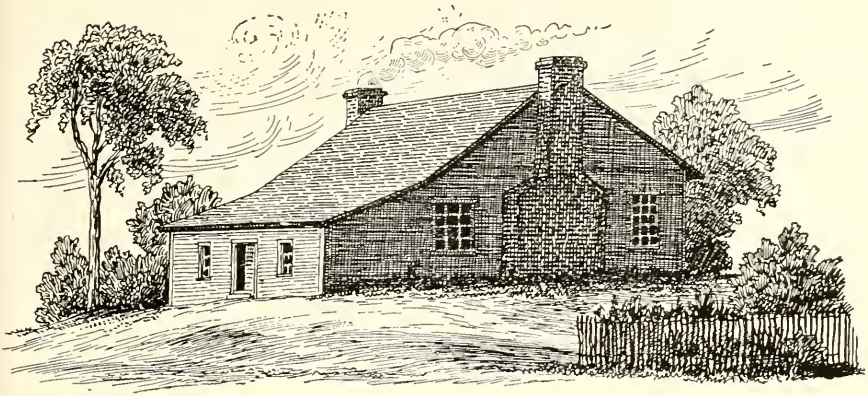
MARTHA WASHINGTON

Before the war was ended, George
His lady love had met;
Her face so sweet and beautiful
He never could forget.

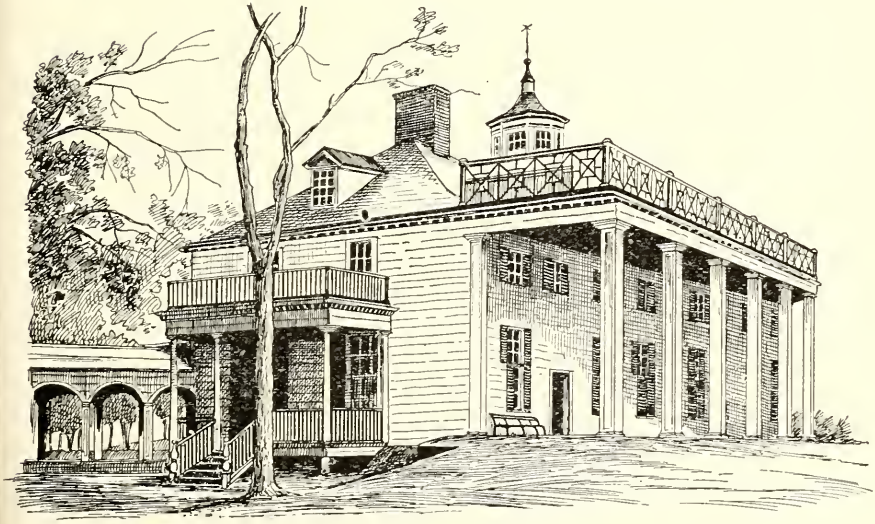
To his Mount Vernon house they went
Upon their wedding day;
And better than all else he loved
With her at home to stay.

In all the honors of his life
His dear wife had a part;
Hung on a chain, he always wore
Her portrait next his heart.

MARTHA WASHINGTON



WASHINGTON'S EARLY HOME



MOUNT VERNON

MOUNT VERNON

Mount Vernon was a splendid place,
  And Washington with pride
Brought there the lady of his choice,
  His dear and lovely bride.

The wide Potomac flowed beside
  The deep lawn's sloping green;
White pillars stood before the house
  And roses bloomed between.

The farms were great plantations then,
  And there the mansion stood,
With many houses near at hand
  To keep and cook the food.

The negroes' cabins were near by,
  And open houses, where
The fresh tobacco hung on poles
  To dry in sun and air.

The smoke-house, store-house, spring house--all
  Had place; and looking down,
A traveler very often thought
  It was a little town.

THE SUN DIAL

Mount Vernon had a sun dial large,
  Out in the yard it stood;
It seemed to Mr. Washington
  A timepiece very good.

For sun dials then were often used
  Before our clocks were made,
And people always told the time
  By lines of light and shade.

On days with shadows sharp and clear
They knew the hour quite well,
But when the sun refused to shine
'Twas difficult to tell.

So in an hour glass, grain by grain,
They let fine sand slip through;
When all was in the lower part
The hour was gone they knew.

THE SPRING HOUSE

The spring house was a lovely spot,
Built o'er a running stream;
They kept the eggs and butter there,
The milk and all the cream.

They churned and made the clabber, when
The grass was wet with dew;
Such pleasant work! the spring so near,
The clear brook babbling through.

MODES OF TRAVEL

There were no railroads in those days;
On horseback people rode;
Or in a stage-coach with their trunks,
Four horses drew the load.

The letters had no envelopes,
Each paid a quarter tax;
They wrote on large sheets, folded them,
And sealed with bright red wax.

A telegraph or telephone
None dreamed of in that age;
The mail that goes in hours by steam
Took weeks to go by stage.

THE REVOLUTION

'Twas then that in the colonies
  A great war was begun;
The people for a leader looked,
  And called on Washington.

The men all needed to be trained,
  And Washington knew how;
His study for his soldier life
  Was very useful now.

Escorted by a troop he rode
  On horseback days and days,
Until they came to Cambridge town
  By long and tiresome ways.

GENERAL

When Washington to Cambridge came,
  Beneath a splendid tree
He sat upon a great white horse,
  Where every one could see.

He wore buff trousers, coat of blue,
  With facings buff on that;
On shoulders each an epaulet,
  A cockade on his hat.

"Welcome!" the people shouted loud,
  And "Welcome!" echo said.
The soldiers passed before him, glad
  To have him at their head.

THE FLAG

"We need a flag," said Washington,
  "To carry in the fight,
To help the soldiers to keep heart
  And battle for the right."

He went to Betty Ross and said:
"Now, Betty, let us see
If we can make a splendid flag
To wave for liberty."

Then Betty said: "The flag shall have
Of colors only three;
The red for courage, blue for truth,
And white for purity."

She sewed the stars and stripes; she sang
"My country, 'tis for you!"
And so it was she made the flag,
Our red and white and blue.

THE WASHINGTON ELM

On Cambridge common stands an elm,—
The tree is still alive,
Beneath whose shade a horseman rode
In seventeen seventy-five.

All eyes were turned upon his face,
And when he raised his hand
The people cheered; for he was called
The army to command.

The tree, with many signs of age
Is standing there today;
With fewer leaves than once it had,
Some branches torn away.

But careful watch is always kept
That no harm shall be done
To the old tree, that still is called
The Elm of Washington.

PRESIDENT

When the brave colonies were free
  They formed a government,
And every one chose Washington
  To be the president.

He went to congress in New York,
  And as he rode along,
Through arches made of green he passed,
  Loud greeted by the throng.

None ever could forget that day,
  Its glory grew the more
With great processions marching on,
  Guns' fire and cannons' roar.

The shouts rang out, again, again;
  The voices joined as one:
"Long live our noble president!"
  "Long live George Washington!"

THE WHITE HOUSE

In Washington a stately house
  Was built by government,
That it might be the nation's home
  For every president.

'Twas very near the capitol,
  And kept with greatest care;
And every week, or oftener,
  There were receptions there.

It is a splendid mansion, full
  Of rooms, all large and bright;
It stands within a handsome yard,
  Its walls are snowy white.

There Washington's own simple ways
  Were an example fine;
He always rose at four o'clock,
  And went to bed at nine.

His methods, orderly and neat,
  In all his work he used;
Nor greatest pains, nor deepest thought
  Were e'er by him refused.

He was the people's truest friend;
  To their hearts he was near;
And even while he lived, they kept
  His birthday every year.

HIS DEATH

George Washington for eight years served
  As our first president;
Then gladly left his public life
  And to his dear farm went.

Alas! It was not very long
  Before death called to him;
The strong hand fell, the true lips closed,
  The kindly eyes grew dim.

He died, and all the people mourned
  Their noble president,
And to the honor of his name
  Built many a monument.

On hills, in parks, in streets they stand,
  To say: Behold the one
Who never failed to do the right,—
  Our glorious Washington.

HIS MONUMENT

In memory of Washington
  A monument was raised;
Upon white tablets on the walls
  His splendid deeds are praised.

No column ever built to man
  Stands high as this of ours;
And o'er our nation's capitol
  Its spire of beauty towers.

And there the pilgrims from all lands
  In heart become as one
When speaking with their words of love
  The name of Washington.

CONCLUSION

What has a life like Washington's
  To you and me to say?
In books, in song, in monument
  It speaks to us today.

The old Mount Vernon home he loved
  Is guarded now, that we
May walk where once he walked, and see
  What once he used to see.

We look and love; not just because
  He well knew how to plan
And rule our nation, but because
  He was a noble man.

Because he was so generous,
  So kind in thought and deeds;
Because such simple lives as his
  The world most sadly needs:

We say he was the first in war,
  As said the nation then;
The first in peace, and first in hearts
  Of all his countrymen.

GOLDEN KEYS

A bunch of golden keys is mine
To make each day with gladness shine.
"Good Morning" is the golden key
That unlocks every door for me.

When evening comes, "Good Night" I say,
And close the door of each glad day.
When at the table "If you please"
I take from off my bunch of keys.

—*Child's Song Book, by Miss Howlitson.*

ADDITIONAL EXERCISES FROM MISCELLANEOUS SOURCES.

STUDY OF LINCOLN WITH THE LITTLE ONES.

Interest the children in Lincoln by telling them in as entertaining a manner as possible some of the many stories of his boyhood. Sketch upon the board the cabin in which he was born, and allow the children to cut it from paper or mold it on the sand table. Describe little Abraham's clothes; the suit his mother spun for him and the one she made from the bear skins. Speak of the books he liked best to read. The little folks will be delighted to know that their own Æsop's fables were his favorites too. Illustrate his kindness to animals by the "turtle story," the story of how he drew the pig from the mire, and the one of his replacing the baby birds in their nests.

The school-house may also be moulded and the axe with which Lincoln cut the spice-wood may be cut from paper.

Explain the use of surveying; that where Lincoln lived was a new country and each man wanted to know where his land began and ended. The children may fold a paper boat when the story of how Lincoln earned his first money is told. Booklets may be made by having the Lincoln stories that are given below written and illustrated by drawings or pictures pasted at the head of each story. The cover may be decorated with a flag or a portrait of Lincoln. These booklets would be timely as valentines for mother.

Start a Lincoln chart by placing a large picture of Lincoln in the center of a cardboard sheet. Then, as the story of his life progresses, arrange around the central picture those of his first home, his parents; the picture of the young woodcutter; the boy reading by the light of a pine knot; the black baby rescued from slavery; Lincoln's last home, the White House, his monuments, etc. The chart may be suspended by the

patriotic colors and the children will enjoy this daily reminder of the man they have grown to love.

STORIES FOR THE BOOKLET.

Abraham Lincoln was born in a log cabin.
His parents were very poor.
He went to school but one year.
His sister Sarah went with him.
They walked four miles.
They carried their dinner.
The school-house was made of logs.
Abraham studied very hard.
He cut spice-wood to make a light to study by.
Abraham loved his mother and helped her.
He read about Washington by candle light.
He wished he could be like Washington.
Abraham was very skillful with the axe.
He helped to build the house in Indiana.
He could measure lands too.
That is called surveying.
He made a boat.
He carried people and goods on his boat.

Two men paid him fifty cents each for carrying their trunks.

Abraham was very happy because he had earned so much money.

He was so honest in all that he did he was called "Honest Abe."

When he grew older he studied law.

The people in Illinois sent him to Washington to make speeches for them.

Lincoln felt sorry for the poor black people.

He wanted them to be free like the white people.

He was chosen president of the United States.

After a long war the black men and women were freed.

How they loved Lincoln.

When Lincoln was president he made Thanksgiving a holiday all over the country.

Lincoln was a good, kind, honest, brave man.

The world was better because he lived.

—*From The Primary School, Jan., 1901.*

WE'LL NOT FORGET.

(For a little Boy.)

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY OR MEMORIAL DAY.

Now the cruel war is over,—
  Yes, years have passed since then;
The little boys of those sad days
  Are now the grown-up men.

Tho' we are just little fellows,
  And *we* don't have to fight,
We'll not forget the men who *did*,
  And battled for the Right!

(For a little girl.)

MEMORIAL DAY OR LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.

Tho' I am but a little girl,
  I love the soldiers true;
I know how brave they fought, and well,
  Those boys who wore the Blue.

I bro't some flowers here to-day,
  The others bro't some, too,
To scatter them above the graves
  Of those who wore the Blue.

A STORY ABOUT LINCOLN

I read a story long ago
  About a noble man,
Perhaps I can remember it—
  I'll tell it if I can.

It happened many years ago,
  Before the railroads came;
(At least a number very small
  The Western States could claim.)

Some lawyers once were riding fast
  To reach a court-house town,
Their road led through a pleasant wood,
  And past a cornfield brown.

They passed the time in pleasant chat,
  They said they hoped to find
A nice hot meal awaiting them—
  For none of them had dined.

Said one of them: "We must ride fast,
'Tis getting very late."
So riding fast, they hurried on
Till some one said: "Oh, wait;

"Just hear that pleading, anxious voice,
  Some poor, weak thing's in pain;
I can't go on and leave it so,
  Unless my search is vain."

So he remained; the rest went on,
  The wailing cry he heard
He traced, until at last he found
  A little baby bird.

And hunting still, he found the nest
  From which the birdie fell;
Replacing it, he started on,
  Content that all was well.

And when he reached his stopping place,
  And met his friends again,
He said he simply *could* not leave
  The little bird in pain.

'Twas *Lincoln's* tender, helpful heart
  That *could* not help but give!
And in our grateful hearts to-day
  Let Lincoln's mem'ry live.

OLD CONTINENTALS.

For Washington's Birthday.

Seven boys are to represent Continental soldiers. They are to be dressed in tattered clothing and old three-cornered hats, carry wooden guns. They are to be bent and feeble and speak in high-pitched, quavering voices. They march around, then form in line, still bent. Each one in turn recites one verse. Then they limp slowly away. Much preparatory language work can be done with this piece.

First Boy:

"We are old Continentals,
In ragged regimentals."
Once we were both young and strong,
We were fond of mirth and song,
But now we're old and very gray,
For many years have passed away.

Second Boy:

We were at that tea party,
Where the tea was made so hearty
For the mermaids and fishes
Which we served with best wishes.
We wore red paint and feathers then,
All dressed up like Indian men.

Third Boy:

Yes, we fought for Washington
With the bayonet and gun;
Drove the British red-coats out,
Put them all to flight and rout,—
They say King George felt very queer,
The way we acted over here.

Fourth Boy:

Once, 'twas at the Xmas time,—
'Stead of list'ning to the chime
Of the Xmas bells so sweet,
We, with frozen, bleeding feet,
Were down at Valley Forge, where we
Did very little Xmas see.

Fifth Boy:

I remember very well,
And I always like to tell
How we played that trick so nice:
Crossed the river on the ice,
And when the enemy awoke,
Guess that they didn't like our joke.

Sixth Boy:

Well, you see, our British foes
Couldn't lead us by the nose;
Thought they'd better go back home,
Sort of wished they hadn't come,
Found the men from the field and farm
Gave them a welcome rather warm.

Seventh Boy:

It is long since that first gun
I heard fired at Lexington,
When the men laid down the plow,
Girded on the sword;—but *now*,
Now the last old Continentals
Dress in ragged regimentals.

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